

A BACHELOR HUSBAND

By RUBY M. AYRES
Author of "Richard Chatterton," Etc.
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"DON'T know why you elucked money away on all this tomfoolery," he said shortly, as he pushed open the door. "If you think because it's my bally birthday—"

He Was Bored With His Wife!

CHARLES SHIRLEY was in middle age, so was Bertha, his wife, though she tried to look youthful. He had a romantic streak which came out when Margery appeared. Read the solution to their triangle in "The Man Who Was Tired of His Wife."

Begins Today on the Comics Page

and she went on disconcertedly. "Chris—you know—"

"I don't want to hear—it was all my fault," he interrupted.

"But I must tell you," she urged. "There is something I must tell you. It was my fault—everything that happened—"

"You made me half mad, I think, and—and it was I who asked him to take me away. It was I who asked him—"

"I can't bear that—that you should blame me," she said.

"I blame myself—for everything," she said.

"It was only when the landlady knocked three times to ask if she should bring dinner that Chris thought about appearances, and then he kept his wife's hand in his all the time the chosen dishes which young Atkins had chosen so carefully were put upon the table."

"He pretended to eat a great deal, but it was only a pretense, and when the landlady had removed the last dish in offended silence Chris drew Marie Celeste down into his arms in the big chair."

"He passed his hand over her face and hair and soft neck."

"I can't believe you're real," he said huskily.

"How long are you going to keep me in my fool's paradise before you disappear again, Marie Celeste?" she raised herself and looked at him with mournful eyes.

"I couldn't come before," she answered. "I had to be sure first."

"Sure—of me?" he asked.

"No, of myself."

"The dark flush of pain swept across his face."

"You mean—that you had to be sure whether you—"

"She looked away from him. "I loved you when you were a little boy—years ago," she said in a tremulous whisper.

"I loved you when you went to Cambridge, and snubbed me so dreadfully when you came home—"

"Chris—I loved you when I married you."

"He raised her hand to his lips sturdily. The words were sweet, but it was not all that he wished to hear."

He drew Marie down to him, and kissed her with passionate thankfulness. "He saved your life for me—twice!" he said.

It was an all-sufficient answer to any doubt or suspicion that might still linger in his heart.

L'ENVOI
Chris took Marie abroad immediately, and for a year they stayed away from England and its many poignant memories. They wintered in the South of France, and spent the late spring in Switzerland.

"I should like to take you to Italy," Chris said one day, but Marie shook her head.

"No—not Italy—I never want to go there."

He wondered a little at the time, and it was only some days afterward that he understood, and the old jealousy of his friend that still slumbered deep in his heart stirred.

He knew that Feathers' death had left a mark on Marie's life that neither time nor the greatness of his love could ever quite efface; sometimes still, his memories would rise up like a great black wave and overwhelm her.

And yet she was happy—happier than she had ever been in her life, even though she felt she was looking at life and the beauties of the world through the sad eyes of a bitter experience.

It was a surprise to Chris when one day she told him that she would like to go back to England. It was early June then, and they were at Lucerne, and the snow was beginning to melt on the mountain sides, and little bright colored flowers were springing up everywhere.

The desire to return had often been in his mind.

But it was October before they finally went back, and the sunsets were wonderful when at last they settled down among the mountains and the silence.

The little house in the hills was all that Chris had claimed for it, and the windows of Marie's rooms looked right out on to a mountain gorge and a little noisy stream of water.

"Happy," Marie Celeste said, coming into the room and finding her at the window, her face rather grave in the sunset light.

"He put an arm around her waist. "Quite happy," he asked anxiously.

Marie laughed. "I shall be happy enough, whatever my name is," she told him.

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She turned her face, stood on tiptoe and kissed him. "I was thinking about Aunt Madge!"—I wonder if she knows that—that everything's all right?" he asked, jealously. "Is it—all right?" he asked, jealously. "What do you mean, Marie Celeste?" she asked. "Don't you know that it is?" she asked. "There was a little silence, and her thoughts went wistfully to Feathers. He had always said she would be happy some day—she was happy now. But it seemed impossible that he was really dead—she could never think of him as dead, but always as she had known him, so full of health and vigor, and cheeriness, and with the old faithful look in his eyes. She gave a quiet sigh and Chris said anxiously:

THE END

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Those Shining Teeth

You see today—this is the usual reason

Note how many pretty teeth you see nowadays. Teeth that glisten as they never did before. Millions now use this new way of teeth cleaning. Every day they combat the film, the coat that makes teeth dingy.

When you see and envy the effects, why not resolve to try them?

Film dims the teeth

That viscous coat you feel on teeth is film. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The old ways of brushing did not effectively combat it. So the film-coats were persistent. And most tooth troubles have been traced to them.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

It breeds millions of germs, and they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. All these troubles have been constantly increasing, because brushing has failed to end film.

Two effective ways

Dental research has long been seeking ways to daily fight that film. Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Now leading dentists, nearly all the world over, are advising their adoption.

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